

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson recently remarked of a resonant but not very wicked oath: "That sounds very fruitfully."

—Mr. LUCIFER was among the guests at a recent social gathering in Boston. The young ladies seemed to think he was an eligible match.

—"Nasby" has gone back to his old editorship of the Toledo (Ohio) Blade, after trying lecturing, running an advertising agency, and sundry other things.

—Bouicault has received over \$250,000 from the "Colleen Bawn," which he wrote in three days, and thus obtained the neat wages of \$8,000 a day.

—The critics agree in praising Mrs. Brick Pomeroy's clothes and beauty, and say that she is by no means able to play tragedy, though some of them believe that she would make a fair comedienne.

—Mr. Macgahan, who wrote the book about Khiva, and has written the recent letters from Bulgaria which have appeared in the London News, was born in Toledo, O., of Irish parents.

—Miss Anna M. Lea, of Philadelphia, whose picture of "The Patriotic Mother" in the Centennial Exhibition has attracted so much attention, and to whom was awarded by the judges one of the thirteen medals, has accepted an invitation from Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, to visit Ottawa and paint a portrait of Lady Dufferin.

—During the past year Miss Hindman, the talented woman-suffrage lecturer, has organized 14 suffrage societies, held 80 meetings, 56 of which were in orthodox churches, and addressed at least 20,000 persons. She delivered six lectures at the Capitol, giving one by request before the House. She is said to be a talented and logical speaker, and is one of the most efficient workers in the cause.

—The London Examiner condenses "Daniel Deronda" into seven mystic paragraphs, which give the idea that the hero lifted himself by the coat-collar into and out of most of the perplexities of his life. Our conclusion is that the heroine, owing to the hard conditions of her sex, had no coat-collar with which to lift herself, and was consequently left sorrowing—which is the Woman Problem in a nutshell. Give us coat-collars or marry us, is the moral of the story.

Science and Industry.

—Nevada is full of gold, but it does not average very well for agriculture. It has one desert which alone covers 30,000 square miles, and the mountain districts are nearly all unfit for cultivation.

—The manufacture of silk is the greatest addition to the manufacturing industries of New Jersey during the past 30 years. New Jersey manufactured one-third of the whole silk product of the United States in 1875.

—The Baldwin Locomotive Works recently celebrated the completion since 1831 of its four thousandth locomotive. Calling these great machines worth on the average \$12,000 each at the time they were made, there is a grand total of \$48,000,000 earned in this one establishment in the manufacture of locomotives alone.

—Petroleum of excellent quality has been discovered in North Staffordshire, England. It is not the shale oil which has been known in England for so long a time, but it is the genuine kind. Should the supply prove to be large, it will have a damaging effect, doubtless, upon the American petroleum market in Europe.

—The importance of the Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, is being appreciated in Europe, as well as in America. A recent English exchange predicts that when the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi has been removed, the grain traffic between England and Southern Russia will cease to exist.

—There is a mine of ferro-manganese in Barton County, Georgia, which is more valuable than Consolidated Virginia or Comstock. It is the only one in the United States, and the product is used in converting iron into Bessemer steel. It is estimated that the mine is worth in the neighborhood of \$90,000,000.

—A party of San Francisco adventurers who lately left their country to prospect the gold fields of Catapilco, in Chili, have been heard from; and a Chili paper, of August 11, states that the results of the works thus far yield from \$40 to \$60 gold per week to each man, with a prospect that these amounts will be doubled or trebled before long.

School and Church.

—Mr. H. W. Syle, a deaf mute, has been ordained a deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. He will hereafter conduct the religious services in St. Stephen's Mission for Deaf Mutes in Philadelphia.

—The Theological Seminary at Bangor, Me., is in a flourishing condition. Their real estate is worth \$100,000, and they have invested productive funds amounting to \$170,000. It draws its students from New England and the British provinces contiguous to Maine. The term has just opened with more than twenty new students.

—The Walnut Street Presbyterian Church of St. Louis has by the vote of its session joined the St. Louis Presbytery of the Northern Presbyterian Church. Previous to the final settlement of the question there was much debate whether the congregation, which has been independent, should unite itself to the Northern or the Southern Presbyterian body.

—A Presbyterian church has been organized in Orange County, Va., called the "Waddell Church," after the celebrated blind preacher, Dr. James Waddell, who had an estate in that county,

and preached without remuneration to a small congregation in a log church. It was here that William Wirt heard him, after which he wrote the well known account in the British Spy.

—A pastor, retiring from a field which he has occupied for several years, writes: "I leave here a people needing a pastor, but who are not able or willing to give one a good support. They want a man of talent, and one who can stand all the gossip of a small town, and live on faith. One who can let the Deacons do all the work, and then be blamed for not meeting with success, and bear it as meekly as a lamb."—Baptist Weekly.

Haps and Mishaps.

—Mrs. Geo. P. Delaplaine, of Madison, Wis., was fatally burned a few nights ago by a lamp explosion. Two of her daughters, in putting out the flames, were also badly burned.

—A little daughter of a woman named Harriet Jones, of Leavenworth, Kan., was burned to death while handling a can of coal-oil, which, being upset, set fire to her clothes.

—A little child of Mr. Albright, of Pierceton, Ind., aged 3 years, fell into a pair of boiling water, scalding herself so severely that death ensued the same night.

—A young man named Bell, of Wakarusa, Elkhart Co., Ind., was loading his gun with the butt on a log. The gun slipped, and the hammer, falling, discharged one barrel into his body, lodging near the heart.

—Mrs. W. D. Lee, living near Newell, Iowa, was burned to death while heating a can of tar for boat-calking purposes. The can exploded, enveloping her person with the ignited fluid and burning the clothing from her body. She died soon afterwards.

—Lillie Sover, aged 24, a domestic, committed suicide at Columbus, Ohio, by taking laudanum. Mrs. Sover's husband left her some time ago, and this, added to the loss of her child by death, was no doubt the cause of the suicide.

—Michael Fisher of Lancaster, Ohio, was driving a wagon loaded with lime, when the wagon upset in a ditch with about two inches of water, and the lime slaked, burned up the wagon, and nearly destroyed Fisher's body.

—August Kreimer, a quite wealthy German resident of Minneapolis, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. A few days before he took poison, but his life was then saved. The cause of the suicide was a supposed swindle of \$4,000 by his brother, of which swindle he was the victim.

Foreign Notes.

—The city of Cologne, in Germany, is about to raise a statue to Bismarck in one of its public squares. Twenty-seven models have been sent for selection by sculptors from different parts of Germany, which are on exhibition at the public museum.

—Madame Jenny Lind-Goldsmith has given the Stockholm Society of Arts, of which she was an honorary member, 40,000 crowns, the interest of which is to be presented as a prize to the young artists who have won notice at the society.

—A congress of German women was recently opened at Frankfurt, Germany. The subjects to be discussed were: prejudices, reform in the education of women, the literature of youth, woman in the family, the obstacles which present themselves to the extension of the sphere of employment of women, influence in social life, etc. At last accounts they were still talking.

—Two autograph letters of Queen Victoria were offered at a recent sale of curiosities in England. One of them was in the child-like large script of a beginner six years old perhaps, and was addressed to her aunt, the late Princess Sophia. It is amusing, running thus: "How do you do, dear aunt? do you love poor Vicky? dearest aunt, this is a present for you. VICTORIA." The original, in accordance with the custom of writers of so early an age, is innocent of punctuation.

—Gymnastic exercises for young ladies are a part of the regular instruction in a large number of the schools of Germany. In the higher schools in Berlin they have been for some time compulsory, and on Oct. 1 the same system was extended to all the communal schools for girls in the German capital. The chief hostility to the movement comes from the mothers of the pupils.

—The civil government and administration of Turkey are based on the Koran and its textbooks, which are infallible guides for every Turkish official. They absolutely forbid any equality between Mohammedan and Christian, and whose evidence is not permitted to be taken against a Mohammedan. Even if the Porte wished to carry out the expected reforms the Koran makes it impossible to do so.

—A special from Paris states that at the grand concert at the Cirque d'Hiver, given under the direction of Pasdeloup, an attempt was made to perform Siegfried's death march, from Wagner's "Nibelungen." The musicians had no sooner begun than the audience behaved disgracefully, hooting and with shouts of "A bas Wagner." The march concluded amid deafening and disgusting shouting. Weber's overture to "Der Freischütz" shared a similar fate, so deep seated is the hate which the French heart bears toward Germany and German music.

Odds and Ends.

—When the Rhode Island militia paraded the other day, you might have heard the officers thunder forth their commands: "Guide right; steady, men; don't push any one over into Connecticut!"

—"Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impatient young fellow to an omnibus driver. "Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing," was the extinguishing reply.

—By this time every loving wife in the land is looking around after a Christmas present for her husband, with the understanding that the merchant is to send his bill down to the store after the holidays.

—An outsider says: "What is the difference between the heroine of Whittier's 'It might have been' poem and a bricklayer?" And answers, one is Maud Muller and the other is a mud mauler."—Norristown Herald.

—The woman suffragists of New Haven are debating the question, "What constitutes family government?" It is possible that there is an uncertainty as to what the answer is, but after a man has been gently but firmly kicked out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning to take in the milk, he is apt to doubt it.

—Some one ruminates sadly in the Chicago Journal: "The white-gloved beau of last night, leaning over the balustrade and twirling his silky mustache, may next month be a fond husband leaning over an icy stove, and preparing a cup of morning coffee for a thin-lipped woman with a hawk-bill nose put on bias."

—"The Mad Mangler; or, The Terror of Murderer's Glade," is the last dime novel sensation bulletined, and when it is discovered that the hero of the story kills eighteen Indians at one shot, and rescues three girls, all of whom he afterwards marries, a wild, fierce longing in the mind of the American youth will be quelled.—Fulton Times.

—In a suburban horse-car. Bit of a conversation: "Aren't the steam-cars nearer for you?" queries one gentleman squeezed alongside of another. "Yes," draws the other, "but I like the horse-cars better, for you see in the steam cars I hardly get in before I am at the end of my journey and have to get out again, while in the horse-cars I have a long rest before I get home." Wonder what sort of home he must have?

Yankee vs. Jap.

Looking at the pottery in the Japanese bazaar I espied a flower pot which struck my fancy, and I inquired the price.

"Four dollare," was the response from a youthful Jap.

The price suited as well as the article, I determined to take it on my way out, and in the afternoon again approached the bazaar with that object. This time there was a leathery old Oriental in attendance, with a face like that of a wrinkled old monkey, who, being asked the price, answered:

"Eight dollare."

"No," I said, throwing up four fingers, "it was four dollare this morning."

The old heathen opened a mouth like a slit in a side of sole leather, and, displaying a row of yellow fangs, ejaculated:

"Oh noa, he is eight dollare."

As I retreated, I noticed, in the little garden which surrounds the bazaar, the same kind of flower pot, in some of which were plants, and I tried the custodian of these, a sober, chestnut-complexioned Jap.

"How much are those?"

"Six dollare."

Again I explained they were four dollare in the morning, but was only answered by a quite grin, and—

"Six dollare."

Approaching the bazaar once more, I waited until the withered old swindler was called away for a few minutes, and then hailing the youngest and most amiable-faced Jap I could select, I touched the flower pot again and asked:

"How much?"

The youthful son of Japan picked it up, looked at it, trying to estimate its value, and then turning to me said, evdently at hazard:

"Four dollare an half."

And I carried it off at the fourth price at which it had been offered me during the day.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Gold Hunting in Georgia.

Northern readers may be surprised to know that Georgia has a gold fever, and that some of the mines are in very profitable operation. The mines are in the northern part of the State, chiefly in the neighborhood of Dahlonega, where there are seven stamp-mills in operation with a total of 77 stamps. Some of these mills are reported to get out \$5,000 worth of gold per month, and it is estimated that not less than \$30,000 worth of gold reaches this city every month. The little boys in and about Dahlonega, it is asserted, spend their leisure hours in sifting the loose soil in pailfuls of water, and make \$30 to 70 cents a day. A solid nugget of gold as large as a peanut was picked up by the street workers in Dahlonega as they were grading the public road. The vein of gold, which starting in North Carolina runs through all this section, dipping to the southwest and touching Carroll County, is thought to be exceedingly rich. Speculators from Boston are in Georgia, developing mines at Gainesville and at or near Ackworth. The latter section is said to promise even richer results than have been developed at Dahlonega.

Misspent Evenings.

The young men who spend an hour of each evening lounging at the billiard saloons or on the street corners, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If in addition to wasting an hour each evening he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Young men, think of these things. Think how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or the cigar is not only temporary but positively hurtful. You can not indulge in them without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolved that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.

A QUEEN OF CONFIDENCE.

The Willing Victims of a Bewitching Beauty—Her Capture in Philadelphia and Exposure in Jersey City.

[From the New York Sun.]

Mrs. Mary A. Gibson, the charming widow who beguiled several of Jersey City's leading politicians, occupied a room in the Gregory Street police station yesterday. Her victims, who had read of her capture, made an early visit. Her dark eyes sparkled as she glanced at each crest-fallen and duped victim. She is, perhaps, thirty-six years of age, well formed, and having the brightest of dark eyes, and pleasing, amiable features. Diamonds sparkle on her fingers and in her ears, and she wears costly lace and veils.

Among the visitors was Isaac Parmenter, a hatter of Newark Avenue. She walked into his store about three years ago bearing a letter from an intimate friend named Bilow in Philadelphia. "She is a woman of great wealth," wrote Bilow. "Whatever advice or aid you give her will be appreciated." In bewitching tones she told Mr. Parmenter of her vast real estate on the Boulevard, New York; how the property had been sold through neglect, and only \$150 was required to release it from the Sheriff's hands. Would Mr. Parmenter lend her the money, and save her a journey to Philadelphia? He telegraphed to his friend. The reply was, "She is O. K.; loan her the money."

Then followed the story of the estate in Germany and the Baden-Baden inheritance. She said that money was needed to prosecute her claims, and the willing Parmenter lent her \$100 more, and, on repeated assurances of his friend, the sum was swelled to \$500. Then she disappeared, and Parmenter went to Philadelphia to seek his friend and the whereabouts of his fair creditor. There he found that she was a confidence woman.

Last summer she appeared at the Schutzen Park, Union Hill, gorgeous in silk and velvet. She expended money lavishly, and was known as the "rich widow from Philadelphia." Among those successful in forming her acquaintance was Justice Frederick T. Farrier, a Republican politician of Jersey City. She confidentially told him her name was Mary Hanson, that she was a widow of Philadelphia, and leaving on her money. Her uncle, the Rev. Francis Xavier Woolf, of Baden-Baden, died recently, and had bequeathed her an estate valued at \$700,000. The laws of Germany had prevented her from realizing the amount, and of course money was needed to carry it through the courts. As a Justice profound in the law he could tell her what to do, and she sought his counsel on more than one occasion. The Justice was charmed with her society, and at once introduced her to his home. She was also a welcome guest at the house of Horace Farrier, the Justice's brother, and the Farriers were envious in the acquaintance of the millionaire widow. Not a shadow of suspicion was cast on her actions. She was a devout Christian, and appeared to be shocked at the levity of many with whom she became acquainted. She departed for Philadelphia after exacting a promise from her friends to visit her and the great Exhibition. They went. All branches of the Farrier family, including the Justice, his brothers Horace and William, and his friends, Samuel A. Garretson and ex-Freighter John Garretson. They were entertained royally at Mrs. Hanson's house, 2,330 Catherine Street, where Christian mottoes, elegantly worked, were pendant from the walls, and horses and carriages rolled the visitors to the Exhibition grounds. Then she returned, and partook again of the hospitality of the Farriers. She complained of the law's delay in transferring the estate in Germany, and found willing ears to her story. She began to receive telegraphic dispatches from Cardinal McCloskey and Archbishop Wood, who had interested themselves in her case, and these telegrams she showed to her friends. Of Horace Farrier she borrowed \$1,400, giving him a security lien on her estate sealed in a mysterious-looking envelope which was not to be opened without her permission. From Samuel D. Garretson she procured \$1,200, from William Hughes \$100, and from various other residents and politicians sums ranging from \$50 to \$200. She introduced a pretty young lady to William Farrier, to whom report says young Farrier was betrothed, and to whom was to be given a wedding gift of \$10,000, and a handsomely furnished house.

On Thursday Mr. Parmenter received a letter from Philadelphia saying that Mrs. Hanson, alias Gibson, was visiting Mr. Farrier's residence in Jersey City. He quietly communicated with Police Inspector Murphy, and it was arranged that Mr. Parmenter should see the woman. He identified her at once, and on the same day she started suddenly for Philadelphia. Mr. Parmenter communicated his discovery to Justice Keese and thence to the Farrier family. It felt like a thunderbolt. Her arrest was at once determined on, and Inspector Murphy captured her in her luxurious apartments in Philadelphia. Her husband, Henry Gibson, who is said to be an expert in confidence operations, was with her. The police yesterday opened the envelope supposed to contain the necessary papers to prove her claim to the property in Germany, and found that it contained two sheets of blank paper. Mr. Gibson is said to have sent the telegrams signed Cardinal McCloskey.

Snuffee.—A French dish. Take 4 eggs, beat the whites and yolks separately until an exceedingly thick froth is formed; then mix the two and add a cup of powdered sugar, and a spoonful of extract of vanilla, and stir in quickly; pour this into a deep dish and bake for 15 or 20 minutes in a moderate oven. This dish should be made and be ready to put in the oven just as dinner commences, in order to serve while hot. It falls when cold.

Dr. Allichin, an eminent London physician, has frankly avowed, in an address to students, that "of all scientific pursuits which practically concern the community, there is none perhaps which rests upon so uncertain and insecure a basis as medicine."

Critical Periods of Life.

From some elaborate tables drawn up by Dr. Farr it would seem, as far as can be made out, there are certain very critical periods in our career. A baby, for instance, has a very small chance indeed of growing up. But, on the other hand, the period between the tenth and fifteenth years inclusively is that in which the death average is the smallest. At about 35 we must begin to take care of ourselves. At this period constitutional changes set in; our hair and teeth begin to fall out; our digestion is no longer what it used to be; we lose the vigor of youth and neglect out-door exercise; above all, the cares of life begin to make themselves perceptibly felt. It is at this time that deaths from suicide take a marked place in the returns of mortality, and there is also considerable reason to believe that habits of intemperance are apt to suddenly develop themselves. The picture, however, has its sunny side. It would take of course a professed actuary to deduce from Dr. Farr's tables their exact result. It appears, however, that if a man lives over his fiftieth year he may make tolerably certain of living to seventy; while if he reaches his seventy-fifth year there is very strong presumption that he will either turn his ninetyeth birthday or very near it. A still more interesting question is opened by the series of tables which show the average mortality in different professions and pursuits. Gamekeepers are for obvious reasons the healthiest class of our whole population; clergymen and agricultural laborers come next, and are followed by barristers; solicitors and business men are less fortunate; while at the extreme end of the scale come unhealthy pursuits, such as printing and file-grinding.—Presbyterian Banner.

How to Make Mischief.

Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something if you do not. To be sure you never knew them to do any thing very bad, but it may be on your own account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves long ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he is suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing one of these fine nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself, or any one particularly. Do keep yourself a-going—silence is a dreadful thing; it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour; do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere, and, besides, you would not be fulfilling your mission of being a very "dirty dog."

Asiatic Doctors.

The first care of the Sart physician is to study your general appearance and ask you about your temperament. He has learned in the Tushpatul Maminin, the most common medical book here, that you must belong to one of four classes, and his treatment of your malady is governed accordingly. When he has combined your symptoms with your temperament, he will pull a bag out of his pocket, or untie the scarf which serves him for a girdle, and open an assortment of drugs in twisted bits of paper, perhaps tasting and smelling to find the right ones, and having chosen the proper medicine, will give you the usual directions about doses and diet. The medicaments employed by Central Asiatic physicians are, in general, very simple, being in most part vegetable substances, but few animal matters and minerals being used. They are usually taken simply in the form of powders and decoctions, and when a mixed medicine is used the physician delivers the substances to the patient and allows him to mix them for himself. This not only saves the physician trouble, but, in a certain way, soothes the suspicious feelings of the patient, who might imagine, in case he did not immediately improve, that he had been poisoned by the doctor.

Duck Hunters Hiring Whole Lakes.

During the last two years, says the Sacramento Record-Union, professional duck-hunters have hired the lakes in the vicinity of Sacramento for the hunting season and prevented amateurs from shooting thereon. In some instances they made money by the transaction, but as a general thing did not. The result promises to be that the competition for the possession of the best shooting-grounds will cause the rent to become so high that the hunters will not have as large incomes as they did before they began renting. The amateur shooters of the city are considering the desirability of forming clubs for the renting of lakes next year—the larger the club the greater the acres of property leased—and, as they have considerable feeling over what they style the "freeze-out" policy of the professionals, it is probable that, if the organization of clubs is carried into effect, those that shoot for the market will have a brisk competition in the bidding for possession of lakes.

Bread for the Effete Despotisms.

There are now 143 wheat vessels en route to Europe from this port, all cleared since July 1. This is a much larger fleet than was ever known to be en route for Europe from the Pacific States at this season of the year. The wheat fleet in port comprises 73 vessels, representing 95,200 tons of tonnage, with a carrying capacity of 140,000 tons, or 2,800,000 cents of wheat, all of which must be loaded by the first of January. There are also 17 ships and barks in port awaiting charter, most of which are suitable to carry wheat. These vessels represent 20,000 tons of tonnage, and there are 20,000 tons more fully due.—San Francisco Post.

What Winking Caused.

Sanders is a great winker. He can't talk to you two minutes without enforcing his point with a drop of one of his upper eyelids; he never takes a letter out of the office without winking at one of the clerks; he winks when he duns you, and he gives you a sly one when he pays a bill. When he meets and greets you on the street it is always with a significant closing of the left eye, and when he has a stunning piece of news to tell you his wink is one of the greatest import. The world moved along smoothly enough with Sanders until last Friday. Up to that time he had gone winking and blinking along peacefully enough, and no clouds had obscured his happiness; but a pall is hanging over Sanders now, and life has no charms for him. It's all his wife's fault, he says. She had no business sending him to a millinery store. She wanted a bow to match one on her hat, and she started Sanders off to procure it. He entered the store whistling, and when one of the shopgirls approached and said "Good morning," he winked and replied "Good morning."

The girl blushed and looked nervous; Sanders displayed the bow and said:

"Got any thing to match that?" and winked again. The girl vanished to the back room with flaming cheeks, leaving Sanders to stare after her in open-mouthed wonder. In a moment or two the best milliner, who had been informed of his actions, appeared. She was highly indignant, and as she slammed the door behind her she said, "Sir—"

"Good morning, madam," said Sanders. "Fine day, ain't it now," and a wink was unconsciously slung at the lady. She bridled up instantly.

"Sir, the conduct—"

"Of that girl!" interrupted Sanders. "Oh, that's all right; never mind her—little bashful, eh?"

Another tremendous wink. "I can not permit such conduct, sir. It is shameful and insulting."

"Not at all; not at all," says Sanders, still off the track. "Don't say another word, we understand each other."

Another portentous wink.

The milliner vanishes, slamming the back door behind her, and Sanders sinks into a seat ejaculating: "Well, I'll be doggoned!" But he bounced up quick when a gentleman entered, and, calling him "an old hippopotamus," proceeded to divest himself of his coat, and, squaring off at Sanders, cried out: "Now, then, come on!"

"Why, why, bless me, what does this mean?" said Sanders.

"Oh, yes, you're a nice one, you are. What kind of a place do you take this for, coming around and insulting women and girls with your winks. Come on!" and he danced around Sanders. He got one in on Sanders' eye; his left duke felt of Sanders' ribs, while his right rattled around all over Sanders' mug, and when he got through with Sanders that individual was as badly demoralized as a pig in a whirlwind, and he never found out what it was all about until the milliner's husband, who had ascertained his habit, called on Sunday and apologized. Sanders shook hands, said it was all right, and was just about to wink again when he checked himself and said:

"Blame it, I'll swear off from that habit!" and then he turned and winked at the wall to enforce his oath.—Kookuk (Iowa) Constitution.

Fortune of the Late Cardinal Antonelli.

Cardinal Antonelli is by far the wealthiest Catholic ecclesiastic, if not the wealthiest, of all Italians. His fortune is variously estimated at from 10,000,000 or 35,000,000 francs, independently of his rare and priceless collection of works of art, ancient coins, ancient statuary, and other articles of vertu worth not less than 20,000,000. The Cardinal possesses one of the finest assortments of precious stones to be found in Europe, and he can boast of diamonds of all shapes of the purest water, incomparable emeralds, pearl and turquoises, the richest laces, and the matchless marvels of the loom of the last period. His business for many years has been to transact all the temporal affairs of the Papacy as Secretary of State to the Pope, President of the Council of Ministers, Prefect of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, of the Sacred Congregation of Loretto and of the Consulta. His work was quite as much that of a banker as of a diplomatist. He inhabits a noble palace on the summit of the Quirinal Hill. Although receiving with other Cardinals a salary of \$4,000 per annum, he is provided with so many wealthy benefices that he has accumulated an immense fortune. He has a chapel and confessor, a little court of his own, a scarlet-trimmed coach emblazoned with ecclesiastical heraldry, and a guard wearing cocked hats and knee-breeches.—Boston Post.

Long Journeys of the German Navy.

Probably no European navy, except, perhaps, that of England, has so many vessels continuously employed in long journeys to the most distant seas in the world as the navy of Germany. The large screw corvette Elizabeth, with a nominal power of 400 horses, 1,976 tons burden, and a crew of 308 men—the best and strongest ship of the kind in the German fleet—is now being got ready in Kiel Harbor for a two years' journey round the world. It will first touch at Madeira, then at the Cape of Good Hope, Rio Janeiro, the Dutch possessions in the East Indies, China, Japan, and perhaps Australia, returning by Cape Horn and the coasts of North and South America.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A man sweeping a sidewalk will sometimes stay his horrid broom to let a fellow-being pass; a woman sweeping, and better the passer had crawled into a dust-cart. A sweet unconsciousness of all save her own existence seems to characterize woman in all the walks of life, particularly the sidewalks.

The striped stocking still holds its own; which, as the discriminating Rochester Democrat wisely remarks, is a pretty nice thing to do.